



**Helpless**  
**Can't-Do**





# Helpless Can't-Do



**Y. Akim**









Have you  
Heard the tale  
About House  
Number Four

Where the mailman  
Went calling  
From door to door?

The letter was tattered  
And torn at the flap,

"FOR HELPLESS CAN'T-DO"  
Was the address  
It had.





The young  
Mailman stopped  
On the very first floor

And saw Vova from  
Where he stood  
By the door.



Each spoon of soup  
Was washed down  
With a story

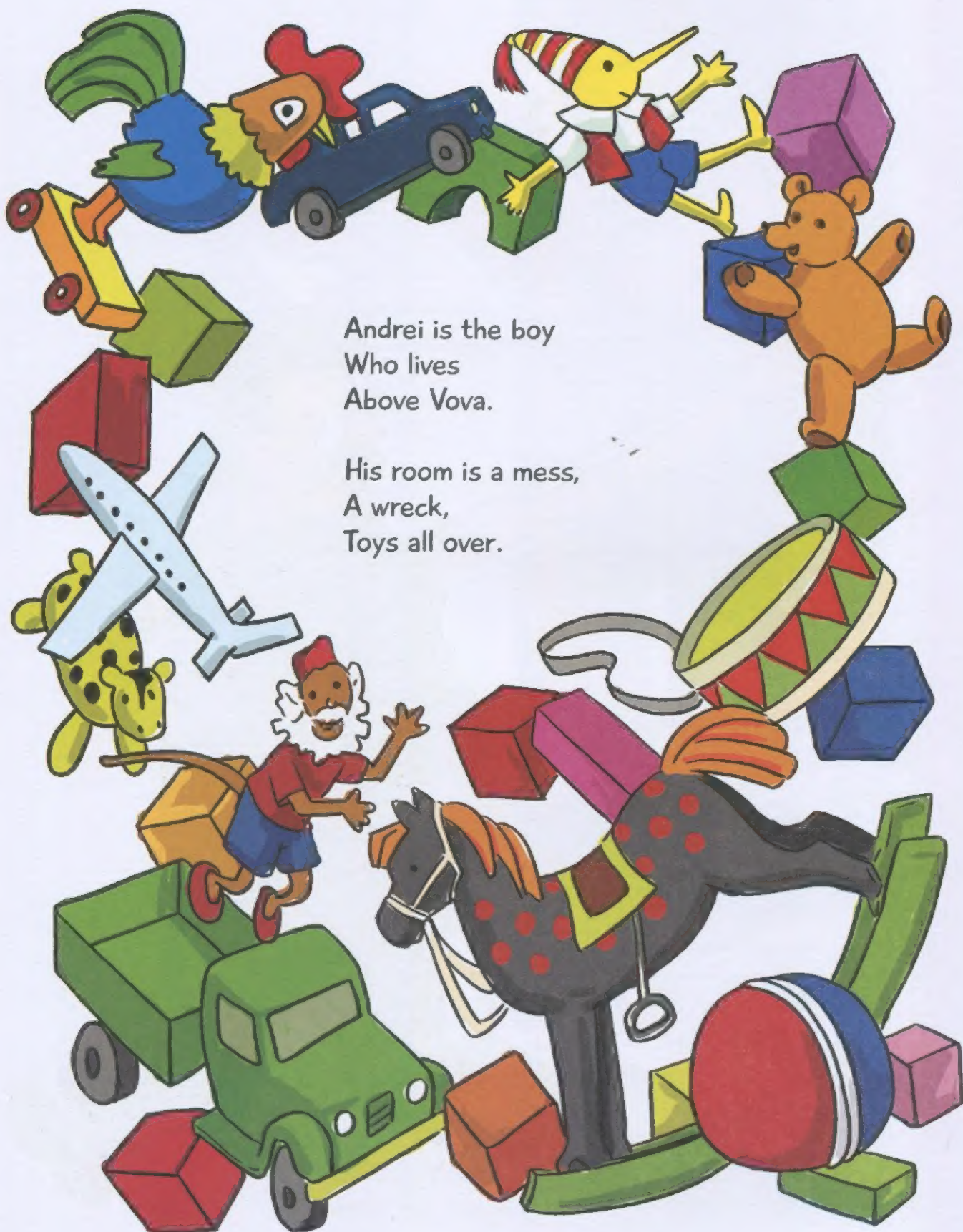
"Can't-Do, here's your letter,  
Though I'm quite sorry."

The boy grabbed the spoon  
From his mother  
In fright.

"Can't-Do doesn't live here!"  
His mother  
replied.







Andrei is the boy  
Who lives  
Above Vova.

His room is a mess,  
A wreck,  
Toys all over.



"Can't-Do isn't me!"  
He got up from the floor  
And said  
When he heard  
Who the letter was for,

"I'll finish  
The house  
That I'm building of blocks,  
And then put  
My playthings  
All the black in the box."







The mailman  
Turned round then  
And knocked on the door

Of Slava's  
Apartment  
Which was twenty-four.

His sister  
Was pulling  
His socks on for him.

While Slava  
Was yawning  
And scratching his chin

"Oho!" said the mailman  
"I've found you at last!

You're Helpless Can't-Do,  
I can see at a glance!"





But when Slava heard  
What the mailman  
Had said,

He pulled on his socks  
Quickly, shaking his head.

"You're mistaken, I'm sure,  
I dress by myself,

It's just  
That I'm teaching  
My sister to help!"









To reach  
The next door  
Was a very short walk.

The mailman  
Was asked  
To the kitchen to talk.

The dishes  
Were washed  
And were stacked in a pile,

While mother  
And daughter  
Were wiping them dry.

The mailman then sighed  
And said  
With a grin,

"Excuse me,  
I see  
I'm mistaken again."





The mailman went out  
To the garden  
To rest,

And there  
He saw Boris,  
A boy he had missed.

He was watering flowers  
That grew all around.

Alas!  
Helpless Can't-Do  
Was not  
To be found!

The mailman sat down  
On a bench  
By a brich,  
Before he set off  
To continue his search.







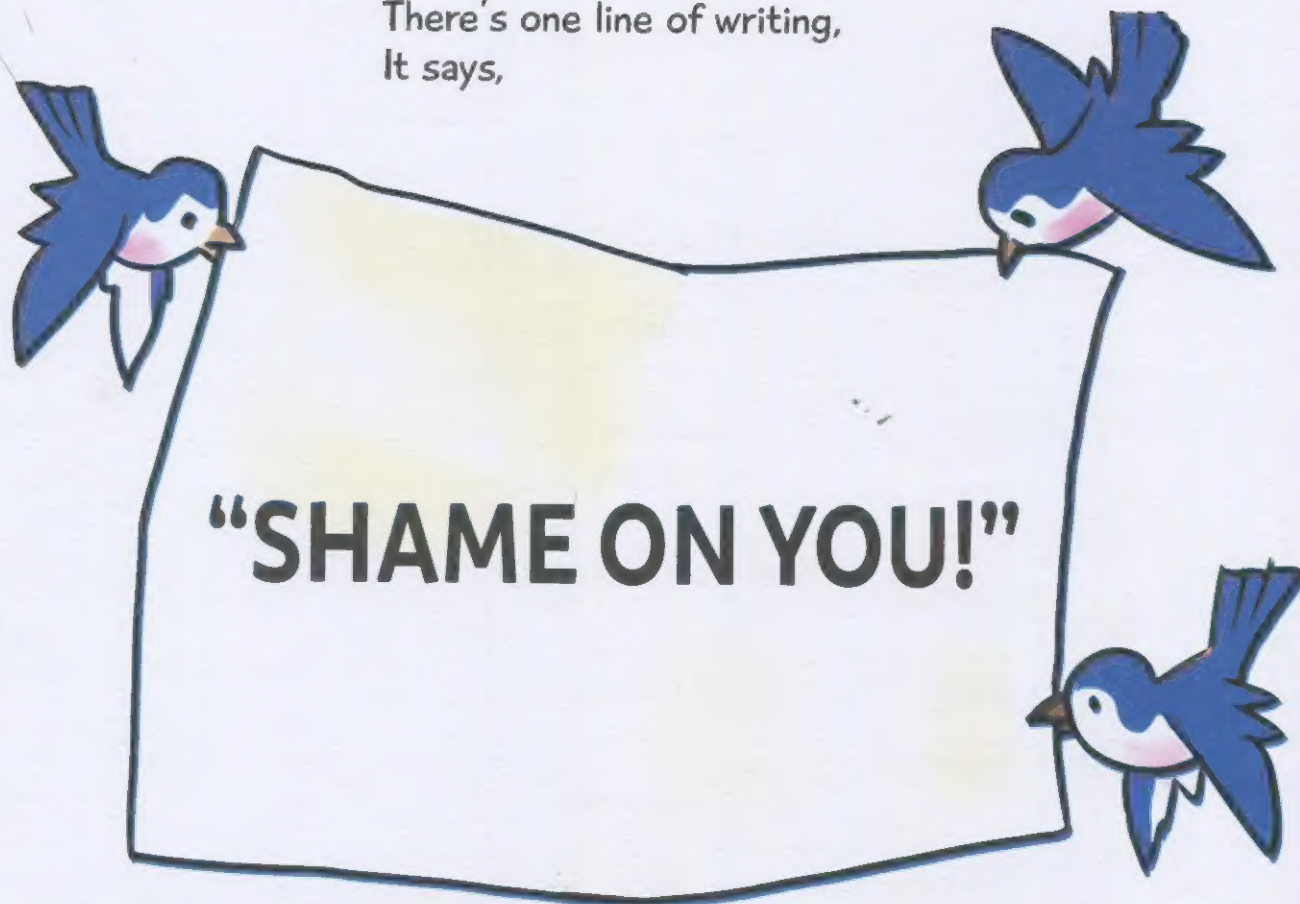


The letter has gone  
Back and forth, to and fro,

I'll tell you what's in it,  
If you want to know.



There's one line of writing,  
It says,



Of course, no one wants to be  
Helpless Can't-Do!

And so I will say  
Before parting,  
My dears,  
I hope that this letter  
Will travel for years!

# Helpless Can't-Do

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